Halloween Party

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Halloween Party

by Battatat

Summary

It's time for Mr. Tenna's yearly Halloween party: special for his staff! Decorations, horror movies, booze... Battat had been anticipating going with you, but several drinks in, he gets touchier with you than the grouchy Pippins ever lets himself get with anyone.

Notes

Wow Hey!! You know the drill. You're a gender neutral pippins, Batts has the hots for you and he isn't a good communicator.

I wanted to write something with a bit more steam, so I got us all drunk. Yet again I am championing the change I want to see: more Battat x reader.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Mr. Tenna had gone all out, you observed as you entered the green room.

Fake cobwebs, bat decorations hanging on the walls and from the ceilings, pumpkins and Jack-o-lanterns, candles and bowls of candy on every table. The whole main floor of the building was fully decked out, and you had no doubt the rest of the place was festive, too.

A few Pippins and Shadowguys were crowded around one of the TVs in the green room. You peered to see some fighting game while the two players bickered.

"You're just mashing buttons. That requires no skill. You're not even trying, dude. You're also spamming your special. Stop that!"

And a cheeky trill from a Shadowguy in response.

You sigh with a little laugh and continue your way to the stages, down the halls decorated in ghost and pumpkin string decorations hung on both sides of the wall. If there was anything the boss enjoyed most, it was decorating the building with a snap of his fingers with seasonal decor. The cheesier, the better. Especially around Christmas, but Halloween was a close followup for how hard Tenna would go with his decorations.

In a way, it was charming. He was a kind guy, and while he wasn't the best boss, he really did go out of his way to make sure the office was fun and had spirit to it when he could. He could be self centered - some of these dumb jack-o-lanterns had his goofy nose and smile carved into them! But it was all a part of the charm. You couldn't help but smile at it.

You entered the stage room and headed backstage - while the stage itself only had a few seasonal decorations, the backstage was strewn with cobwebs and pumpkins and little plush bats. Cute.

"Hey," your favourite coworker greeted you.
He was adorned in green, as usual, but his green tie was fixed with a cute little bat pattern.

"Cute tie," you remarked as you approached. You raised a hand for a handshake only for him to blush and waved you off.

"Yeah, yeah, thanks, I found it in my closet. Love the spiderweb cloak," He mumbled.

"Haha, thanks... What's Tenna having us do today?" You asked, veering the subject away.

"Normal backstage stuff, but there's a party later."

"You going?"

"Yeah," Battat replied. "I'm kinda looking forward to it. The drinks are always good."

"Pff. See ya there. But also see ya all day, too," you winked with a chuckle.

He squeezed his eyes shut to try and hide the smile on his face and waved you off again. "Yeah, yeah. Loser."

"Your favourite loser," you corrected as you made your way to the stairs to the sound mixers.

The day passed as usual, you and Battat, and the few Shadowguys who also worked tirelessly as stagehands, fussed around all day. Keeping the sets clean, providing Tenna with his costume changes for the Halloween Holiday Event, shoving costumes at Darkner contestants and changing all the playlists to match the Halloween theme. Mike slunk around in feline form to fit the occasion. Following the boss' every move with lights and sitting back and laughing as you'd watch Shadowguys nearly break their backs changing backdrops in time. Tenna was delighted - happily announcing the Halloween horror marathons that'd be running all week, new specials, new events and seasonal themed games on his shows. He was thriving whenever he had an excuse to step out of his usual routine and show off something fun! And exciting! With the weird word art that would pop up around his head as he singsonged in front of the cameras. Those weren't special effects, or anything you or Batt edited in. Tenna could just do that.

Finally, when the show ended, and the cameras cut, Tenna stood centre-stage and loudly announced to all of you.

"Remember, folks! Party in the green room, cafeteria, and the hallway connected! Be sure to come for treats, tricks, movies and games!" He clapped his hands in delight at the end of his announcement. He looked, dare you'd admit, handsome in his vampire costume. Until a black rose sprung from his nose. Now the goofball was just trying too hard. You snorted, and made your way back down the stairs, where Battat was waiting.

"Ready?" He asked impatiently.

"Sheesh, what's the rush? Tenna JUST let us free to go,"

"Yeah, well, I just wanted to go with you. W-wait. I didn't mean it like that! D-don't look at me like that!!" He avoided your gaze and his green gloved hand grabbed yours, and he practically dragged you out of the stageroom and down the hall.

You were lucky the overworked Pippins was just as low battery as you were most of the time, so his "speedwalking" was hardly anything to struggle keeping up with.

You knew the drill with the workplace parties, though - booze was always involved. Tenna would sometimes get plastered and cry to Mike, who always seemed prepared to purr him back to a pacified state. The other Pippinses would drink and gamble, as usual, the Shadowguys would flirt and game, and the Zappers often just acted as bouncers or security if things got too rowdy. But sometimes, they too, partook in the festivities. You never stayed past the evening, to avoid when things did get a little wild.

The lights were dimmer, fake fog filled the room. A horror movie played on one of the screens - a small crowd filled the couch and floor in front of it. At Ramb's table, a bowl of

punch took the centre of the setup, surrounded by treats with paper cups off to the side. The bar behind him had a bunch of new bottles - presumably saved for tonight in particular. He was dressed in a little frankenstein garb.

"I should've worn my witch costume," you sigh, and Battat turns on you with a raised brow.

"You sure that's not your usual attire?"

You smack him playfully. "I'm gonna kill you, dumbass."

"You say it and you've yet to do it."

"I'll getcha when you least expect it."

"Yeah, that's what they all say. Now wait here." He left you and made his way over to Ramb.

You turned your attention to the movie playing - it was some paranormal movie, about a family being haunted by a demon. You had to admit, the special effects were good. You averted your gaze a few times in the few minutes you paid attention. The exorcism scene was making your skin crawl, and while the movie's audio was loud, a startled Shadowguy's scream was louder.

You jumped a little when you got tapped on the shoulder. You whirled around to see Battat again, who seemed equally startled by your reaction.

"I brought us drinks?" He offered in confusion.

"Thanks," you sighed in relief. "I got too into this freaky movie."

"No kidding. We can find a spot to sit and watch if you're into that...?"

"Sure, but you're gonna see me scared off my gourd."

"What the hell is a- ugh, whatever, the spot over there by the wall is free," and he was already dragging you over. You both leaned against the wall, before you slid down. He quickly did the same, his side pressed beside yours.

"So what'd I miss?"

"Uh, freaky exorcism bit, lots of broken bones. The sounds got me good but they got a Shadowguy even gooder," you whispered to him.

He stifled a laugh. "So that's what I heard."

You both sat for the duration of the movie, drinking the alcoholic beverages Battat got for the both of you, at one point he went to get refills. The alcohol sure helped, though, your tolerance to jumpscares reinforced by liquid bravery. Battat, on the other hand, seemed mostly unphased - but any scene with gore made him scrunch his face in clear disgust. "I know it's special effects," he'd whispered. "But it still freaks me out some."

When the movie was over, a Pippins changed to the next horror movie. One about a haunted house. Tenna had joined the crowd, finally, only occasionally making a witty quip here and there to ease the fear of his staff. It helped more than you'd admit. You had a particular fear of ghosts, now even Battat noticed you were jumpy.

He got you both another refill, and this time, he was bolder about reaching over and holding your hand and giving you gentle squeezes when you'd flinch. A small part of you knew, if you reacted at all to him, he'd pull away again. Another small, but growing part of you wanted his hand on yours more. You had to test the waters this time. It'd gnaw at you forever if you didn't, just this once. You shifted your hand slightly to lock fingers with his. He let out a gasp so quiet you almost thought you imagined it. You knew you didn't when he squeezed your hand longer.

By the time you were both three and a half drinks in, he leaned over and whispered with a slight stammer, "okay, okay, no mmore for us, oour next drink is water."

"Got it," you breathed, trying not to disturb the other viewers. The movie was loud enough nobody really cared, and there were more disruptive members in the crowd, but you still tried to be considerate with your volume. The room wobbled just a bit, but it was fine.

You two remained quiet a bit longer, and you'd leaned into your green companion for stability. He did the same, refusing to let your hand go.

A gnarly scene caused you to flinch again, so he shifted again, loosening his hand from your grasp to wrap around you, and fixing his other hand to hold yours instead. You craned your head to hide your face in his neck. "I hate scenes like this," you breathed against him.

Battat's breath hitched. "I-I do-don't think I m-mind all that much..."

Despite all the others in the room, in that moment, it felt like you were the only two there. You sighed and leaned into his neck, nuzzling into him. You were both drunk, you could get away with that much. You could pretend you don't remember a thing tomorrow, and you could wish it lasted a lifetime. His grouchy demeanour softened by a few drinks and a couple scary movies, surrounded by others and blending in for once, you both in your own world sitting against that wall with your empty paper cups by your feet.

You didn't really remember how you seemed to time skip to walking down the residential halls with him, arms holding each other up. Stumbling and giggling about nothing and teasing each other for the other's reactions to some scenes.

He lead you to your door.

"Here," he wobbled a bit, before steadying himself. "G-got you hhome nice an-and, n safe."

You laughed a bit too loudly. "We all.. same building,"

He forgot how to speak for a moment, before slurring out his favourite phrase: "ssshut up."

"W-wait," you stop him as he turns to go. "We can.. nEVER. Talk about th-thiss. Again, but. Can you kiss. Mme."

"I thhought you'd NEVER ask." He imitated your last "never" before turning towards you and pressed you to the wall.

His lips met yours, sloppily, his claws greedily searching you for somewhere to hold and ground himself to. Your hips seemed like a nice spot, just under your poncho but still gripping you like his life depended on it. He pressed himself to you, and your tongues clumsily met each other. You both breathed ragged and heavy, the sharp scent and taste of booze tainting - or maybe enhancing - the experience.

He grinded against you and moaned, voice sultry and thick, "...ve been wantin' this awll nnight,"

You had one red gloved hand on his back, the other on his lower waist, the latter giving him a gentle squeeze from behind. He let an uncharacteristic, soft whine and pressed his face to your neck. That wasn't the only thing he pressed into you, you realized with a whimper.

"L-llook," he groaned. "We're... ssloshed... let's... do this ssober. Sometime,"

"Y-you'd never give.. me the time of day," there was more sorrow in your voice than you'd normally allow. The alcohol had loosened your walls, just a little.

"I'm juust bad at theeese ththhings," he tried to keep his voice steady, desperately, but he couldn't stop the uneven speech. "I thiink about.. you. Alllll the time.. Nnnot just tonniiight..." he refused to move his face to meet your gaze, but his breath caressing your throat sent shudders down you. "Juss.. corner me." He laughed weakly. "I'll cave. Forr youuu. Anytime. But I don't wanna puke on you, I'm tooo drunk."

You let out a shuddery laugh, "y-yeyah.. don't do that. Maybe youu. Should make the first move..."

He laughed and undid your collar, just to plant little kisses to your neck before murmuring "got it. Nnow go sleep, darlin. We'll meet.. in our dreams," he purred before he planted one last kiss on you.

Your head spun at the pet name, the kisses, but he waited until you got inside, locked the door. You listened to his uneven steps as the male Pippins stumbled away, and you wobbled your way to bed.

You wished that could've lasted forever. Maybe you'd both forget this happened tomorrow.

But you both would struggle to make eye contact for a couple days after this.

Chapter 2: The Talk

Chapter Summary

The followup. Things get worse before they get better.

Chapter Notes

Re-reading this, I left a few dumb minor errors. Forgive me!!!! I am sleep deprived. I went back and fixed a few of them.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After the Halloween party, things had grown a bit awkward.

You and Battat would only exchange awkward short exchanges before he'd scurry off, and to your dismay, he stopped making eye contact. You didn't notice the lingering stares, only how he'd make himself busier at the sight of you. You didn't notice him looking like he wanted to say something, only how quickly he'd walk away.

You now noticed Mike sometimes stammering when speaking to you, too. What was his deal? Did he see what happened, too? Good god.

You constantly overthought the events that happened at the party - the touching, Battat making out with you at your door, his confession of always thinking about you. You ended up remembering all of it vividly, to your chagrin. He clearly did as well, if his increased odd behaviour was anything to go by. He was less rant-y than usual and seemed almost more frustrated. More irate. His walls were up, and you thought to yourself that it must certainly be your fault.

Tenna had not noticed the tension between you, or if he had, he didn't care. He still frequently sent you both on errands together or would send you both up to the sound booth upstairs behind the audience seating. Those hours would crawl by uncomfortably - even as you both efficiently did your jobs well, it was clear you were distracted.

During your shift, Battat had answered a call. He'd turned away from you (nothing new), and spoke quietly as the other end would allow him.

"Sorry. I can't show again. I know. I have something to do tonight," he tried to whisper. "So I can't do the therapy tonight... I know. I trust you can just fine. Yeah. N-no. No. It's important.

Whatever. Thanks Jong. You're a real one." He hung up, and continued to glower at the sound mixers in front of the two of you.

When your shift ended, you made a beeline out.

You'd decided it was better to just quickly get out of his way, let him go do whatever he intended on doing, and try to force yourself to stop thinking about it. Maybe the tension between you and him would eventually dissolve. Maybe you two could, eventually, forget about it... or at least put it behind you. You desperately missed him, you missed chatting and laughing and playfully bullying each other. You missed getting lunch together and taking turns picking up coffee for each other. You missed the dumb quips and making him sputter in defiance at whatever stupid ways you'd prod him. Even though your feelings had wandered past platonic territory (maybe it had been this way longer than you realized), you'd do anything to have him back.

However, you didn't know how to approach him. So you kept your distance in return.

It hurt so, so badly.

You'd almost made it to the stairs leading up to the residential halls, your gloved hand on the doorhandle to the stairwell, when you heard footsteps running behind you. You quickly darted to the side, not actually looking to see who it was, just giving them room to run past you.

They tried to skid to a halt and failed miserably- slamming into the door loudly, falling backwards with a pained, "ugggUghhh..."

You looked in concern, then your eyes widened.

"Why'd you run into the door, Batt?!"

He looked up, clearly bewildered by your audacity to ask him that.

"E-excUSE ME?!?! I was catching! Up! To you!!" His face was scrunched in irritation and pain as he tried to make his way back to his feet. "I- ugh, god, if I cracked my face - I needed to talk to you,"

You frowned at nothing in particular, staring past him.

"Nothing we need to talk about. Just don't run into doors again, please." You pushed the door open, only for him to grab you. You said nothing, only turned your head slightly towards him, still not meeting his gaze. But still, an invitation for him to speak.

"No, there's plenty to talk about," he breathlessly responded. "I'm sorry. It's my fault."

"What is...? I'm the one who had asked you for it." You turned your gaze away. Your chest fluttered at him finally speaking to you, but a part of you was scared to have this conversation.

"Yeah, but I'm. I'm a chickenshit," his grip on your arm tightened. "It's hard for me to talk about this stuff."

He inhaled shakily. "Can we... continue this privately? Right now?"

You nodded silently and lead him to your apartment.

Up three flights of stairs, and down a long corridor, you came to your room, his claws still stuck in the fabric of your sleeve as if he was afraid if he let go, you'd vanish. As much as your heart and nerves wracked you in those moments, it reassured you some that he didn't want to lose you, either. Still, your anxiety twisted you up inside.

Was he going to tell you that you should just be friends? Was he going to tell you he regretted kissing you, regretted being close? Was he going to ask to reinforce some distance between you two? Were you the problem? You were sure this was just nerves speaking, but after the way he'd been acting, those questions fired around your head relentlessly.

You unlocked the door and stepped inside, him still in tow. He only let go when you closed the door behind you two, and only then you noticed his shoulders finally relaxed.

He wandered to your couch and sat down, gaze to the floor. You wandered to your kitchen to get two water bottles.

You sat down in a seat across from him, and he looked up at you briefly before lowering his gaze again. But you were his captive audience now - so you intended to at least be an invested audience. You leaned back in your seat and crossed your legs while you stared at him, your stony expression hiding your anxiety.

"G-geez, you make me feel like I'm on trial!" He laughed nervously when he caught your expression. He leaned back and scratched the back of his neck, eyes darting around before they made their way back to yours.

"I fucked up." He stated.

"Not really-" you began.

"No no, I did, listen to me," he interrupted. You nodded before he began to speak again.

"I wanted to. I enjoyed it. A lot. I-I'm sure you figured that much out. But I'm a chicken shit!" He waved his arms up. "I am bad at emotions! I am better behind a mask! I'm used to chasing around the boss! I didn't know I could have feelings for anyone else!"

Wow. He chased the boss, too? Clearly to little avail since Tenna didn't seem to really notice either of you.

"I've always been fond of you, I've always daydreamed about you and I didn't realize what it was turning into and I just knew I enjoyed being around you all the time and then I'd think about you and I'd feel like SUCH a goddamned creep because I'd think about sipping your coffee while you weren't looking to fantasize about my lips being where yours were and if you also tasted like coffee, and I knew I was so screwed then and there," he rambled, his

voice speeding up and slowing down at odd intervals. His nerves were fried. "I couldn't admit it even looking in my own mirror and after that night I got. So scared."

Ahh... this had taken a turn you'd hoped for, but you were still a bit surprised by the coffee comment.

He continued, wringing his claws over and over and bouncing his leg. "I feel like a sick pervert and I don't know how to look at you now after that without wanting more and I am. Just. A nervous wreck!! But I like you and I avoided you because I've never had anyone even slightly reciprocate and I'm scared and-"

You laughed.

"Wh- I'm pouring my heart out to you and you're laughing?!" His voice was almost a shriek, but you knew he wasn't as mad as he tried to sound.

"I've been so worried you hate me," you started, before he interrupted you again.

"I could never hate you!! Are you stupid?!"

You laughed more as you stood up and made your way to him. You flopped down beside him and threw your arms around him. He was reduced to an emotional, sputtering mess.

"Goddammit, you," he hiccuped. Tears formed in his eyes, as well as your own as you both tightly embraced.

"I thought you realized you secretly find me gross or something," you admitted weakly. "Who even asks their coworker to kiss them?"

"I wouldn't care how gross you are, or aren't, I am gross anyway, I'm the freak who enjoyed it," he held you as if you were the only thing tethering him to reality.

"Also, uhh.. one question,"
He pulled back, still refusing to fully let go - only enough to meet your eyes. "Huh?"

"Did you tell Mike what happened?"

"WH. WHAT????" His face couldn't be more flushed than in that moment.

"He was acting all weird, and I'm worried he knows something happened?" You expressed with a small frown.

"We-well he's. Ignore him! He probably sees everything anyway WHO CARES Just focus on me for now!!"

His dumb response got you to ease up.

"Can we just, try again?" He pleaded.

"Try again like...?"

"I want to be close to you. Again. If you're okay with that..."
You laughed in his face.

"You're in my apartment, on my couch, in my arms - and you're asking that at all?" You smiled adoringly at him. "Of course. Every day I've wanted nothing more."

He sighed in relief, and leaned his face back into your shoulders.

He shook a bit, and you both stayed there, eyes closed and each others claws grasping at the other in hopes they could take root and you could stay like that, forever.

"I could never ever hate you," he suddenly breathed. "That night replayed in my mind all the time. I felt so selfish."

"Why selfish?" You murmured back.

"Because I wanted more."

"So did I. It's fine."

"Hahaha... haah... we're so screwed," his embrace grew tighter around you. "Please don't let go."

"Not planning on it, loser."

There was a long pause, before he groaned. "Listen. We were having a nice moment. Jerk."

You wheezed into him, you body shaking the both of you. He began laughing in turn. There the both of you sat - insecurities laid out and scrubbed away, your arms protecting each other from anxiety's return, eyes both red from recently fallen tears and laughing. The most freeing sound in the world after all that laid heavy upon you both.

"I don't even know why we were so scared of each other," you sighed, voice still trembling from giggles. "I only feel this comfortable around you. Only you know how weird I am." You pressed your head into his.

"I think everyone knows how weird I am," he snorted. "But only you see me... cry, hah. If you tell anyone, you're totally dead."

"You can buy my silence." You murmured smugly.

"Har har," Battat rolled his eyes. "What be ye price?"

"Whatever ye pay," you mocked his pirate accent back.

His lips met yours for a brief moment. He pulled back just as quickly, stammering, "ahahaha sorr-sorry that was inappropriate I just though-"

"No! That's what I wanted, silly!" You shook him gently. "I just wanted you back. But that works too. I like your kisses," now it was your turn to look away, your cheeks burned and

your heart hammered in your ears.

"D-do you want me to ki-"

"Yes."

He wasted no time and grabbed your face, his lips met yours again - more carefully, deliberately. He closed his eyes, and you nodded against him. That was the confirmation he needed to slip his tongue to your lips, prying your mouth open, before he pulled back again. You tried to pull him in, before he gasped. "Wait, wait. How far can we... go..."

"As far as you'd like. Just please don't run away from me again," you pleaded.

"I'm staying. Whether you like it or not," he affirmed shakily, before he pushed you onto your back.

Your stomach was full of butterflies and you almost saw doubles from how nervous and dizzingly excited you were.

He leaned over you and kissed you again, then he awkwardly tried to find a position where he could comfortably be on top of you - but the couch probably didn't make the best place for that. Yet hormones dictated you two take the gamble of trying to see how comfortable making out on a couch would be.

Your claws dug at his back, silently begging him to keep close as he was resting one elbow by your head and stabilizing himself with one hand beside you. He had one knee between your legs and you couldn't really see where the other was. But both your thighs held his leg against you.

"Fffuck... Glad we're sober this time," he joked, breathing heavily.

You only responded with a chuckle as he awkwardly lowered his hips to yours. You both gasped, and locked eyes, trembling and desperately wanting more.

You nodded again at him, and he wasted no time pulling back to tug his poncho off and untying his tie then undoing the first few buttons- you did the same, but more awkwardly. Still on your back you squirmed to get it off, he reached down and helped undo your tie and buttons. Your hands took over, so he resumed with removing his shirt entirely. You opted to be fully unbottoned, but to keep the shirt on yourself.

You took in his physique - you both were the same type of Darkner, but he had a bit more muscle than you expected. It made sense - he was always hauling around cameras half his size and moving shit around for the boss. His arms were thicker than you'd expected them to be under the poncho uniform. Not dramatically so! But it made sense.

He leaned back down and gently tugged on your open collar to move it out of the way, so he could assault your throat with kisses - just the way he knew you liked it.

You whimpered and squirmed and gasped and moaned, putty in his claws. You bucked your hips up at him and his rolled down to meet yours, his own groaning possibly being the softest

noise you'd heard from him in all the years you'd known him. It was music to your ears.

You pulled him a bit closer to you, and planted your own kisses on his neck, even sucking at one point, which earned a loud whine from Battat.

When he pulled back, you saw the bruise forming. Oops.

He looked awkward, embarassed, and incredibly cute. "C... can we..."

"Of course," you consented.

"I- i didn't even get to finish my question!" Battat prickled in embarassment.

"Well, whatever it is," you reasoned, "I answer with of course. Go for it."

His hands met your belt buckle. His green eyes looked up at yours, and you reiterated yourself. "Go for it."

He quickly undid your belt and zipper, and got to work on his own. You watched lazily and, only then, noticed the boner threatening to pop out from between the die's legs. You reached into your pocket, pulled out a plastic wrapper, and flicked it at him. He looked taken off guard as he fumbled to catch it. Then he looked up at you, eyes wide and clearly more embarassed than ever.

"A condom?! Wh- why do you even have that?! In your pocket?!?!?! Do you just carry these around?!" He sputtered.

"I guess I'm a pervert, too." Your lazy response made him roll his eyes as he stood to kick off his pants. "I bought them the morning after."

"Aahh... so we're really gonna do this?" He asked. Batt seemed so anxious, excited, and uncertain. With him off your lap, you began kicking down your own pants, and underwear.

"Do you not want to?" You asked earnestly - you would absolutely let him rail you in any direction, as many times as he wanted, you were giving him all the green lights and letting him make the first moves and he still shook like a leaf.

"I- Absolutely!" His voice was a bit louder, then quieter. "I've ahahaha... just never gone this far before- I know what I'm supposed to do! Don't look at me like that!" He covered his boner with his claws as if it was giving away that he was enjoying your gaze. "I just want to make sure you want it, too." He grumbled, looking away. His face was more flushed than ever.

"Of course I do... now get back here?" You laughed, and he all too greedily made his way back on you. He rubbed his cock over your entrance and shuddered.

"Holy fuck," he gasped. "You're soaked..."

"Who wouldn't be with you on their lap?" You teased back. "Are you gonna wrap it or what? You've made me wait so long! I'm dying here!"

"OHhh my GOD," he started, and fumbled for where he put the condom down, and quickly unwrapped it. He inspected it for a moment before sitting upright, and carefully rolled it onto himself. He whimpered a bit as he pulled it down his (very nice) length, and repositioned himself.

He teased your entrance, deciding he'd already asked you enough times if you wanted more. He knew by now you were practically starving for more.

Battat lowered himself in, slowly, gently, gauging when to slow down by your gasps and when they'd turn back to moans. When he was fully in, he started thrusting gently, slowly. God, it felt incredible. He moved one of your legs up a bit and the other he let hang lazily off the couch as he tried to figure what position felt comfortable. He pushed your pelvis into the cushions below you, gritting his teeth and groaning. He was savouring you.

He ducked in to meet your mouth again, but you gasped in response - he was much greedier now. He chewed on your lower lip, gently, but enough you knew your lips would be redder later. The pippins above you was starving, that much you could tell by the way he dragged his mouth around to let his tongue taste your flesh, making his way to your neck so he, too, could leave marks. You whined and yelped in positive response to the barrage of affectionate, greedy touches, his hungry teething, to his insatiable hips. You shifted to pull your legs back, and he took it as a sign to shift positions.

He pulled his torso back so he could hold your legs up. You yelped in surprise, as he leaned back and repeatedly slammed his full length into you. He was quite noisy. You'd loudly gasped, groaned and whined wordlessly in response, all positive affirmations to him.

Finally, it became too much: your hips bucked and your orgasm rolled out in one large wave. You shouted in pleasure and he went in a bit faster until he, too, was pressing himself in all the way, calling out your name as he filled the condom inside you.

He finally let go of your legs, shuddering as he pulled out. "Move over, please," was all he had to say for you to shift a little to your side.

He squeezed himself in beside you, laying on his side to fit the both of you on the couch side. All the two of you could do was pant and hold each other.

You didn't need to say anything more, you exchanged weak, but loving kisses.

"So," you croaked. "Did I taste like coffee...?"

He froze before cautiously answering. "You tasted better... but I'm horrified you remembered that."

"Please stay the night." You simply responded.

"That was the plan, dear."

Chapter End Notes

WOOO!!! I hope you enjoyed. This was my first time writing smut! But if I didn't write it I think I'd itch about it forever. I hope it's enjoyable!

End Notes

"Tenna could just do that" is probably my pick for funniest line in this fic

These two probably finally rendevous after a few more days of sexual tension. Maybe I'll write about that! ... maybe.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!